The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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The Belgium-Holland Mediation Offer

THE FRANCO-BRITISH negative reaction to the latest offer of mediation does not mean that such proposals are not the most promising means of ending the war. For all neutrals should continue their efforts to bring about a settlement based on negotiations now rather than months later on terms arrived at after a suicidal war. The United States should play an important rôle in such efforts. How can Germany demonstrate conclusively that her word is to be trusted? What specific guarantees could she be expected to furnish? And once this is established, what restoration would Germany be expected to make? This leads straight to the formulation of Franco-British war aims, objectives which have so far been stated in the haziest and most negative terms. Peace by negotiation would also involve considerable concessions by France and Britain—greater access to the raw materials concentrated in their empires, credits for financial rehabilitation and commercial development, lowering of tariff barriers and the like. It will mean a certain sacrifice of wealth and sovereignty by everyone. Suicidal war on a large scale only postpones the inevitable reckoning. Why not begin the necessary steps for a lasting world settlement right now?

The Nations and Real Peace

The Encyclical is No One's Dead Letter

THE POPE'S encyclical condemns totalitarianism. The condemnation is blunt and detailed enough to make it hard for casuistry or self-deception to shrug off. Now the Vatican is reported to protest that the German government is not allowing circulation of the encyclical. A further report comes from a Catholic source in Holland: "The few remaining Catholic organizations in Germany, even those exclusively devoted to scientific interests, are now being ruthlessly dissolved by the Nazi authorities." That the Nazi rulers want to and try to cut off Christianity, its religion and its morality, cannot be denied. But can the rest of us smugly pat our stomachs after reading the encyclical? Do we all, for instance, apply the same "universal norm of morality as well for individual and social life as for international relations"? Most of the suggestions for American activity in the face of this war come down simply to an armament program. Let us try to make ourselves unassailably strong; let all possible rivals—conjured up by however wild an imagination—be brought down to insurmountable weakness; then talk about peace. The tactic of delay, of social and national egotism is fantastic in the face of history and the morality we claim for our personal life. In order to keep the present type of industrial relations, finance and business enterprise, to preserve the present irresponsible sovereignty of the state, to maintain the dominance of the great powers over colonial areas and small and technically backward nations, the world must deliberately keep away from peace. And even if the present state systems were overhauled, where would we be? Reading the encyclical, Dorothy Thompson is forced to ask, "Will the liberal state, or the communist state, or the Nazi state take us anywhere, unless we know where we want to go and why?"

Reaction At Home and Abroad

The Arms Embargo Repeal

ONLY A FEW new orders or shipments of plane motors, machine guns and machine tools were reported on the repeal of the embargo. Unless another conflict of 1914 proportions breaks out, American export increases will be confined primarily to planes, plane parts and the machine tools we make so well. And this latter item undoubtedly will be the means of

Business and Ships

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further cutting down foreign markets for our manufactured products, just as in the early 20's our machinery exports among other things led straight to the crisis of 1929. The Army and Navy is giving every encouragement to plane makers to export in order to expand their airplane producing facilities. The Aeronautical Board has already rescinded the regulation which held aircraft manufacturers from exporting new models until six months after the first delivery of the model to Army or Navy. But on the whole the business men of the country appear to be adopting a very sound attitude, refusing to expand plant for war business on the grounds that war purchases would be too short-lived. In general the repeal would seem to be more of a potential than an actual step against Germany, who recognized it as an unfriendly act, just as France and Britain were immensely pleased and strengthened diplomatically.

The shipping situation is a special problem. The withdrawal of 600,000 tons of American shipping from commerce with England, France and Germany is a heavy blow for the industry. Congress is expected to pass appropriations after the first of the year to reimburse shipowners for this loss of trade. Meanwhile many ships lie idle and more and more new vessels are being launched. The United States Lines made a spectacular move when it applied for transfer of the registry of eight ships from the United States to Panama. The Maritime Commission's apparent readiness to grant this request was a distinct shock to many Americans who had favored "cash and carry" as a neutrality measure in good faith. The fact that a foreign crew and a foreign flag would be involved could not erase the conviction that many honest supporters of the 1939 Neutrality Act had been sold out. A scheme never once advanced in weeks of embargo debates had been sprung on an unsuspecting nation two days after the embargo had been repealed. A case of duplicity rarely paralleled in this country in recent years.

The Identity of Incomprehensibleness

ON THE TWENTY-SECOND anniversary of its communist revolution the Russian Empire considered itself seriously threatened by Finland, a nation of some four million persons. The Soviet Government, the Communist International, the Communist Party of the United States, the Communist parties all over the world was (the term is singular) again turning its policy inside out. Now it is revolutionary again ("quick transition," and not democratic process), asking for workers' sabotage of the "imperialist war," calling for a completely new "united front" which will include only those who remain after a "purge of doubtful elements" and who will endure an "iron discipline." Roosevelt immediately becomes a stooge of Wall Street, ordinary "Socialists" and "radicals" again become something like the pre-Popular Front "social fascists" to be relegated to nether darkness. The "Great Democracies"—except the Russian—are once again safely classified as exploiting imperialisms. And all over the world true lambs of the jovial father of all the Russias are accepting it.

Russia's Rôle

The Soviet bureaucracy is at least paying Hitler for Poland and the Baltic "on the barrel head," as they say. One argument rendered doubtful by their efforts to stop the war short with present gains for themselves and Hitler is the perhaps too Machiavellian one: that Stalin loves war and the anarchy it produces because from it he may capture new members for the Soviet Union. There are more tried and true ways of conquest. Besides it seems more likely that the Soviet Government is afraid. Its opportunism has not the grand touch of Hitler's. In this country Mr. Browder is playing the game and is finding himself isolated with his supremely orthodox faction. The American Labor Party and the Socialists have attacked his new line as well as his shift. The Trotskyites continue to think Russia is run solely for the bureaucracy. Control over the League for Peace and Democracy has been retained, but there will be trouble with front organizations. The unions will suffer much disruption. Stalinist policy is dark; support for it outside the ruling class in Russia is next to incomprehensible.

Too Much Power Politics

IT LOOKS as if the Japanese don't know what to do about it. Those who make sweeping generalizations about peoples have said that the Japanese mind requires a considerable interval of time before it can accept a violent change in a situation, some wholly unexpected event. Perhaps they are right; perhaps only now Japanese statesmen are beginning to realize the significance of events in Europe. It even looks as though they had taken ideological talk at face value and had almost persuaded themselves to believe that their own aim was to crush communism in China, Hitler's to crush it in Europe. Now we are confronted with the interesting spectacle of the Japanese trying to piece together a jig-saw puzzle so intricate that it defies any solution short of the waste-basket. Russian "friendship" is not to be trusted, surely, since Russian and Japanese interests are most obviously of all in conflict. Nor does Germany offer any useful comfort, even in future. To try to win back the friendship of England and the United States looks like an almost hopeless job. Ambassador Grew has not been at all mealy-mouthed about that. Worst of

Puzzles Waste Time

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all, the Chinese—presumably with Russian help, but also thanks to the new Burma road—have been winning fights. The simplest and the most difficult solution is certainly the waste-basket for the whole China "incident," and it is not beyond the range of possibility that a nation which could a century ago voluntarily deny its whole social history can now see the value in a voluntary—if stupendous—loss of face.

From the Frying-Pan

THOSE WHO have had interest in central European affairs probably never imagined that they would see the day when Poles and Ukrainians would find themselves in much the same position. A defeat for the Poles would almost certainly look like a victory for the Ukrainians, and, as for the latter, they have been taking it in the neck for so long that it seemed as though no state could be worse than the state they were in. Yet one immediate effect of the present conflict has been to make these enemies fellows in misery, and the tunes their free compatriots sing in their respective American "news services" is much the same. In the face of declared English willingness to let Russia keep what she has taken of Poland, the *Polish Information Bulletin* of Washington, D. C., says: "The Polish Government and the Polish people do not and will not make any distinction between the territories occupied by the Nazis or by the Bolsheviks." Putting together all Ukrainians under the Soviet system does not seem to please the Ukrainians, either. Their New York magazine, the *Trident,* carries an article entitled "The March of the Red Khan," and their *Press Service* features denials of any liking for either Hitler or Stalin. Indeed it is hard to know which people more deserves our sympathy—the Poles whose entire lives are being disrupted by arbitrary racist resettlement plans, or the Ukrainians who say that their intellectual, political and religious leaders are being shot out of hand—first by the retreating Poles, then by the advancing Russians. Pan-Slavism has, historically, under the old or new Russia, been a shoddy thing. But it looks as though a reasonable pan-Slavism is distinctly in order as a legitimate part of any proper peace.

Fellows in Misery

Death of a Burgomaster

BURGOMASTER ADOLPHE MAX, of Brussels, was one of the three gigantic figures who upheld Belgian morale throughout its period of crucifixion. The other two were Cardinal Mercier and King Albert, and it is another proof of the fact that good things never collide and that there is always room in the world for every sort of merit and virtue that none of these three men has ever put the other two in the shade; all have been loved and venerated, and all are the subjects of epical stories. It was the Burgomaster who went out in his official car to meet the German army of occupation and reminded them that the Kaiser had recently been an honored guest of his city, and that the city demanded just treatment in return. It was he who tore down the notices tacked up by the invaders, often substituting his own, and who reproved the German officials for thus encroaching upon the functions of the Brussels City Council. It was he who called meetings of protest among the Belgian citizens, and who, when these were banned, initiated great gatherings in the churches at which the spirit of the people was replenished even more surely through union in prayer. Inevitably, the Burgomaster was at last haled off to prison in Germany; inevitably, too, he managed to escape—this was in the last months of the war, after he had been interned four years. Made Burgomaster for life, he devoted the long interim to serving his people with all the old spirit. The world salutes the passing of an authentic hero.

Authentic Hero

A Local Idyl in Indiana

GENERAL JOHNSON recently gave most attractive publicity to an "industrial utopia" actually in existence in Hagerstown, Indiana. It is a community which includes the factory of the Perfect Circle Company, a "model factory set down in a community of small farms," which makes good enough piston rings to keep the automobile business. "The workmen in the plant live in that or other little towns or on small farms. Most of them own their own homes and grow at least some part of their own food. The plant has been managed so that there isn't much unemployment, but if layoffs come, nobody has to sit staring at a blank wall and wondering about starvation. . . . There is always something else to do." General Johnson's report of the community and business is glowing, and of course there may be some hidden horror he missed, but the facts he brings out are the kind we are convinced can really lead to a better life. "There is nothing impersonal about these industrial relations—no absentee management and no frozen-face personnel department. . . . There is no paternalism." The plant is so efficient it apparently would not pay the colossal auto companies to make their own rings. The General's persuasive conclusion is that: "Whenever it is possible, our industrial trend should be toward smaller and more efficient plants, much more widely scattered in rural communities, with much more native and neighborly management and control." Such geographic distribution overlooks the problem of distributing ownership, but is a long step forward.

Distributed Industry

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Bolshevist Persecution Marches West

An authority on Eastern Christianity writes from London, analyzing the religious situation in Russia's "new" territories.

By **Donald Attwater**

AN "ECCLESIASTICAL GEOGRAPHY" of the USSR would furnish many of us with considerable surprises. We are so used to thinking of Russia as the great stronghold of Eastern Orthodoxy (and rightly) that we are prone to forget that she includes in her vast European and Asiatic population millions of Jews, Mohammedans and even heathens, and that these in varying degrees have suffered in the persecution of *all* religion that has gone on in that country for the past twenty years. This fact is one of the indications that those people are mistaken who claim that communist atheism is only an accident of the Marxian system, due to the shortcomings, and worse, of Christians in practice. On the other hand we hardly realize that in pre-revolutionary Russia there were (excluding Russian Poland) only about three million Catholics, practically all of whom were of the Latin rite and of foreign blood, living in the south and west of the country. Until yesterday this number was even smaller under the communist régime, which gave a special significance to Pope Pius XI's decree that the vernacular prayers after low Mass were to be said for Russia: we were to pray, and pray publicly, for a people practically all of whom were not in communion with the Holy See, and many of whom were not even Christians. But in the past few weeks the renewed division of Poland has brought many more Catholics (and others) within the scope of bolshevist godlessness. The provinces concerned are Bialystok, Nowo-Grodek, Volhynia and Polissia (which were Russian before the last war) in the north and east, and Galicia or Halicz (which was Austrian) in the south.

These districts were part of the large territory which, starting from the Union of Brest-Litovsk in 1595, came back to unity with the Catholic Church from dissident Orthodoxy during the seventeenth century and was not of the Latin but of the Slav-Byzantine rite. Ecclesiastically they were called Ruthenians; in the area under consideration they were in Galicia the people now called Ukrainians (of whom there were and are many more outside Galicia), and elsewhere Ukrainians and White Russians. As a result of the partition of Poland in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Russia eventually got all the territory in which there were any Ruthenians, except Galicia, and proceeded forcibly to re-aggregate to the Orthodox Church all Catholics who were not of the Latin rite. Catholic baptisms and weddings were forbidden, Orthodox priests were intruded into recalcitrant churches, monasteries were suppressed and their property confiscated and those who resisted were flogged, imprisoned or deported, so that in Russian territory the Catholic Ruthenian church disappeared.

Galicia during this time was under the rule of Austria, and here the Catholic Ruthenians or Ukrainians had a better fate. They had full religious liberty and even a measure of civil autonomy; the "landlord class," from temporal and snobbish motives, had mostly joined the Latin rite and become polonized, but the people produced their own leaders, largely from the families of their married clergy, and during the nineteenth century the "Ukrainian movement" emerged. This was in a measure encouraged by Austria in order to counterbalance Polish and Russian influence. During and after the war of 1914-18 eastern Galicia had a terrible time, including a civil war in which the Catholic Poles appeared to be trying deliberately to stamp out the Catholic Ukrainian church. Eventually, in 1923, the Conference of Ambassadors adjudged eastern Galicia to be a province of Poland, in consideration of a promise to grant it an autonomous constitution: this promise the Poles never fulfilled.

Their former state

The other four provinces mentioned above, which I will call for convenience White Russia, were also made part of the restored Poland, and hitherto since the last war the ecclesiastical position in the now "new" Russian territory has been as follows: In Galicia there are over three and one-half million Ukrainian Catholics of the Byzantine rite, mostly peasants: people of outstanding intelligence, cultural activity and farming ability, who as a body have remained faithful to Rome since their reunion 300 years ago, often in most trying circumstances. There is a number of Latin Catholics, who are Poles or polonized Ukrainians; and certain small minorities. In "White Russia" there seem to be about a million Polish Latin Catholics, but the majority of the people, mainly White Russians and Ukrainians, are dissident Orthodox:

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estimates of their number vary from three to five millions. Since 1924 they have formed a self-governing Orthodox church, separate from the Russian Church, with a metropolitan and four bishops.

Most of these Orthodox are descendants of the Catholics of the Slav-Byzantine rite who were forced into the state church of Russia in the nineteenth century, as mentioned above, and there was consequently a certain disposition toward Catholic reunion among some of them. To foster this disposition was obviously the business of their Catholic Byzantine brethren in Galicia but, as pointed out by a Polish writer in THE COMMONWEAL some weeks ago, the Galician Ukrainians have not done so. The writer referred to did not give the reason, but it is this: *The Polish government would not allow it,* and, by the concordat of 1925, insisted on the Holy See forbidding Catholic Ukrainians to do religious work outside their own dioceses. So Rome had to send special missioners, who were mostly priests of the Western church, Jesuits and Redemptorists, who had changed to the Byzantine rite. They had some success, about 20,000 Orthodox being reconciled with Rome; but the Polish government would not agree to the Holy See forming a special diocese for them, and in general behaved in such a way as strongly to encourage the Orthodox to hate the very name of Catholic. In this the government was not without some support from the authorities of the Polish (Latin) church, whose attitude towards the Orthodox was calculated to retard rather than forward reunion; noteworthy among the exceptions to this was the bishop of Siedlce, Monsignor Henry Przezdziecky (see his pastoral letter on the subject, published in French in Warsaw in 1932).

Polish responsibility

This extraordinary behavior on the part of a Catholic state was due to its desire to assimilate non-Polish elements and to get rid of anything savoring of the hated Russians. The Slav-Byzantine rite is the rite of Russia; therefore it had to be got rid of, or at least polonized and restricted. All Catholics, said the Polish authorities, ought to be of the Latin rite—which was just what the imperial Russian government used to say, from an opposite point of view. Moreover, the Byzantine rite is that of the Catholic Ukrainians in Galicia, and so was associated in the minds of Poles with the Ukrainian separatist movement and Ukrainian discontent generally. If the Polish religious record in "White Russia" is bad, in Galicia it is worse, from the civil war of 1918 down to Pilsudsky's "pacification" in 1930, and onwards (well documented by Revyuk, *Polish Atrocities in the Ukraine,* Jersey City, 1931).

At the present time we all have in mind Poland's heroic resistance to the Turks in the past and to the bolsheviks in our own day, and her manifold misfortunes culminating in yesterday's treacherous invasion from two sides; but these things do not justify any suppression of the fact that for twenty years her government's chauvinism has led it to behave in a way most discreditable to a Catholic state.

The USSR, then, now has at its mercy a territory which comprises over three and one-half million Byzantine Catholics, more than a million Latin Catholics and from three to five million Orthodox, with a highly developed religious life and ecclesiastical organization. To name some of the institutions of Eastern rite alone, there is the great theological academy at Lwow and two other seminaries in Galicia; over a score of monasteries housing five hundred Basilian monks and convents for a thousand nuns; and the small but quickly growing congregation of Studite religious who since the last war have done so much to revive traditional monasticism and scholarship among the Ukrainians. In "White Russia" there is the important house of the Jesuits at Albertyn, the seminary at Dubno, and the Redemptorist house at Kovel, all of the Byzantine rite. And there are several Orthodox monasteries, including the ancient and well-known *laura* at Pochaev. And among the millions of Christians concerned there stands out one, head and shoulders above the rest, Andrew Szepticky, for thirty-nine years Byzantine archbishop of Lwow and religious and civil leader of the Ukrainians in Galicia; Monsignor Andrew, now 74 years old, is one of the greatest churchmen of our age, suspect to the Poles for his fearless upholding of justice for the Ukrainians, hated by the bolsheviks (he was a prisoner in Russia during the last war) for his fight against a communist Ukraine and for his work for Christians in Russia. He has visited the United States and Canada in the interests of his fellow Ukrainians at least once; but for some years now he has suffered from grievous physical afflictions, being paralyzed from the waist downwards: yet this has not diminished his spiritual activity, but rather increased it.

Their fate?

What will now be the fate of all these?

At this writing there are two reports current about Monsignor Szepticky himself. A London newspaper alleges that he has been carried off by the Russians and that his fate is unknown; the Ukrainian Bureau in London, however, states that according to usually reliable sources of information he has already been put to death.* If this be true, then indeed the end crowns the work; nothing would give this great shepherd greater happiness for himself than to be called on to share the martyrdom of Leonidas Feodorov, Monsignor Budkevich, Alexis Zerchaninov, Potapy Emelianov, John Deubner, Alexander Alexeiev, and all

* The Vatican has since confirmed this.

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the other victims of the Russian persecution, whether Catholic or Orthodox. As for the Galician Ukrainians and White Russians in general, there seems to be no doubt that the bolsheviks at once began the process of methodical "sovietization," that religion is in the process of suppression with its usual accompaniment of destroyed churches and murdered priests.

It is too early to judge whether the fate of Eastern Poland will be shared by the Baltic states, but it is worth while taking a glance at the religious set-up there. Nearly all of the three and three-quarter million inhabitants of *Finland* are Protestants, with only some 2,000 Catholics and 70,000 Orthodox, who form an independent church. A tenth or more of these last are Russians, having four famous monasteries, of which Valamo (Valaam) was founded nearly a thousand years ago and is now the most important Russian monastery in existence. *Estonia,* with 1,129,800 people, is also a Protestant country, with only a few thousand Catholics, mostly foreigners. Its Orthodox church numbers 200,000, of whom 70,000 are Russians, and there are 10,000 more of the sect of Old Believers. There is a small Catholic Byzantine mission in Estonia. There are over two million people in *Latvia* (Lettonia), over half of whom are Lutherans and a quarter Catholics; most of the 170,000 Orthodox are Russians, and there are 90,000 other Russians of various sects.

Lithuania, not apparently threatened at the moment, is a predominantly Catholic state, numbering two and one-half million souls. Among the minorities are 55,000 Russians about equally divided between Orthodox and Old Believers. In all these countries the Russians are, in general, found along the borders of the USSR.

Eastern Poland is in the hands of militant atheism; one or more of the Baltic countries may become so. People who hoped for good results from this war are naturally asking if this state of affairs must be regarded as permanent. And that is a question that nobody can answer. Great Britain and France are not yet able, or willing, to be explicit on the subject of war aims; and they certainly will not announce that one of them is to make Russia give up her "new" territories so long as the USSR remains even nominally neutral.

SOS from the Drought Area

What drought really means, and how only the Federal Government could meet the problem.

By **Catherine Bradshaw**

IN THE DAKOTAS, Nebraska and other states in this region and further west the idea of relief and aid from outside agencies has been familiar for some fourteen years. When things started slipping, especially in the Dakotas, long before the Federal Government thought of giving substantial aid, drought was a more or less periodic occurrence. The common saying for this part of the country was: "Seven years dry, seven wet . . .," which meant crops for seven years and failures for the next seven.

The seven years of drought, however, which should have ended in the early and middle 'twenties extended over a couple more years, and by that time the financial situation in the country at large was beginning to tighten. In Dakota the value of land slid sickeningly from $100 or $125 per acre to $30 or less: at present $5 will buy an acre of Dakota land in any part of the state. People who had expected fifteen or eighteen years ago to make good money by buying land in Dakota found themselves paupers practically overnight. Farmers who at one time owned their land, stock and machinery were suddenly mortgaging their property and just as suddenly losing it. Bankers belatedly began checking up on the value of the paper which they held—and banks closed right and left. The state banking department was powerless to stop the runs on banks throughout the state, and family after family found themselves destitute, fortunate to be able to have sufficient dishes and silver for daily use. And along with the drought and subsequent crop failures came hordes of grasshoppers.

To people not familiar with these destructive insects the idea of grasshoppers destroying fields of grain and corn, gardens and flowers, trees and even eating holes in washing hung on a line is highly preposterous. But to those who must combat these insects, nothing is too wild or incredible to believe of them; and tales grow up regarding grasshoppers that would put the Paul Bunyan stories in the shade. The classic story hereabouts is of the grasshoppers that descended upon a field of corn in which a plough and team of horses had been left by the farmer who had gone home for lunch. After eating all of the corn, the grasshoppers ate the horses and tossed the horseshoes to see which one could have the harness and plough.

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—*and dust storms*

These stories, of course, gave way to tales about dust storms, as thick impenetrable clouds of dust rolled over the plains and sifted into houses. No amount of shutting and locking windows, no amount of caulking cracks keeps this fine dust out of the house when a storm blows. Regardless of whether the storm brings almost complete darkness for twenty minutes or for six hours, or whether the wind blows intermittent clouds of dust during one, two or three days, every time a dust storm comes the housewives in Dakota must gather mops, rags, brooms and pails, and prepare for a good old-fashioned house-cleaning.

In many parts of the country the top soil has been blown away entirely, and it is not unordinary to see farm buildings surrounded by land on which absolutely nothing grows. For miles on either side the black earth extends. Against hen houses and hog houses the dust has drifted as snow drifts in the middle of a blizzard. The road, highway as well as private entrance, has no parallel ditches, but is on a plane with the fields on both sides—the dust has not only drifted into the ditches, but also has drifted over fences and fence-posts and formed small mounds where thistles served as foundations. Nothing can grow on this land.

The Red Cross helped by shipping in supplies to stricken districts; from many neighboring states local organizations helped. Thus, for instance, the Lutherans in Iowa sent a carload of corn into one locality for the aid of stricken families. So when the Federal Government undertook bringing help to the drought areas the people were already familiar with the idea of outside help.

One of the activities for which both blame and praise has been meted out to the Government is buying animals from farmers and either shipping them out of the country or killing them. Unless one has been in a community which was a headquarters for the shipping of cattle from the drought areas, it is impossible to appreciate the situation the Government faced. Pastures were bare, and a diet of Russian thistles with a few weeds thrown in for variety is a poor substitute for green grass and grain. One town I know was the headquarters for a territory about 45 miles north and south and 12 miles east and west. Cattle were brought in during August from this territory and herded into the stock yards of the small town. All day and all night people heard them bawling. The farmers who were selling to the Government generally drove the cattle into the stock yards—and about twice as much time was needed as usual for driving these animals in because of their weakened condition. Although it was in August, many of the cattle had not shed the previous spring and were still carrying their winter's coat. Many were so weak from hunger that they died on the way into town. Occasionally a farmer brought part or all of his stock in a truck—the animals were too weak to walk. East of this town a huge hole was dug and many animals that were too weak to endure being shipped to another part of the country were taken out to the edge of the hole, shot, thrown into the hole and covered with quick-lime. During the latter part of August and early part of September over seven thousand head of cattle were shot in this one town. About forty-five thousand cattle were shipped into the southern states. An interesting sidelight is that two years later, when the Dakotan farmers were re-stocking their farms on Government credit, many of these animals were shipped back.

Desolation in the land

After these cattle were taken from the country, it was strange to drive along the road and see the vast plains once spotted with sleek roving herds of cattle now silent and barren. The farms themselves began to look destitute: a few chickens, a couple of pigs, perhaps a horse or two constituted the livestock. Machinery stood with weeds and tall grass growing around it—there was no call to use binders or harvesters. Buildings needed paint—but no one had the money to buy paint. Broken windows were nailed shut with old boards.

Today vacant farms are not unusual—last year in one township ten farms stood vacant, and one must remember that in this country the average farm is at least four hundred acres, which means that no township contains very many. At present the state owns many farms and keeps them up. We say now, and it is quite true, that one can always tell the state-owned farms: they are the only ones painted and in good repair.

The Federal Government again stepped in and offered the farmers help in the way of various loans: seed loans, feed loans and loans for buying gas for tractors and other machinery. As might be expected some abuses occur in this business of seed loans. Some farmers receive the money for seed and then do not buy seed; others occasionally buy the seed and then sell it at a higher price than the one which they paid for it.

During all this time of drought, bank failure, depression and eventual government relief, the people who live in the small communities have had their ups and downs just like the farmers. It is strange that people living in rural districts always feel that the members of a town community never suffer financial reverses, never work outside of writing an occasional business letter, and never worry beyond wondering if a sudden shower will ruin a new hat. However the inhabitants of more than one town will admit their dependence on the rural population by saying that if the Government had not stepped in with relief, the town would be lucky to boast the presence of a dozen families. Security and relief among the farmers

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has meant security and relief in the small community. Government relief means work for many people and has brought business to the towns in which it is located.

Unfortunately the cooperation between state and federal relief is occasionally weak and indifferent. This is one of the factors contributing to many abuses which creep into the relief system. While it is not common, it is also not unusual for a man to receive both federal and state relief. One man taking advantage of the possibility of securing aid from both quarters receives ninety dollars a month from the state, and then faithfully goes to the federal relief office where he receives, among other supplies, half a bushel of oranges and twelve pounds of cabbages. Another family lost its farm and eventually its place in town—the town house was lost on a home loan—received federal aid for a couple of years and then paid one thousand dollars in cash for another farm. It is, of course, quite common to find men and women who are not American citizens (although they have lived in this country for thirty or thirty-five years) receiving federal and state aid.

Influence and political affiliation may play an important part in determining who will fill this office or that, and where this or that project will be started. The outsider often wonders just *what* is the determining factor in the location of projects. The building, for instance, of a two million dollar dam on a small creek forty miles from a railroad and in a country where a mere dozen families cover the surrounding twenty-five square miles is a procedure that causes one to question the intelligence of officials.

We laugh and tell innumerable stories about the various alphabetically-named government organizations, but the fact remains: the situation, especially in this part of the country, necessitated relief from somewhere, and the demand became so great that only a vast machinery could satisfy it. Abuses creep in and criticism is justified, yet . . . It has not been uncommon for men who have suffered reverses and financial setbacks and who are now accepting federal or state relief—or both!—to exclaim: "I'll break into every store in town before I'll see my family hungry and cold," and these men are law-abiding citizens. One cannot but wonder what would have happened had no help been offered by the Federal and State Governments—and feel a latent spark of gratitude and patriotism.

Imagine, No Horseradish!

A person who objects to interference from well-meaning friends writes of her problem.

Anonymous

MY FRIENDS are trying to make me over. (So are *your* friends trying to make you over. If you haven't a suspicious nature and they're fairly subtle about it, you may not have noticed.)

In my case the emphasis is all on my standard of living. Why my ambitious friends should pass over the many major defects in my character to begin their proposed alterations here, I cannot tell. Perhaps they believe that when they have raised my standard of living, it will be easy to accomplish further reform.

Naturally the individual method of approach varies with the temperament. One says, "Well, after all, imbecile, you can't live alone in a place like that and have no telephone!"

Another says, "There's a sale on at Hedges' with wash dresses half price and some grand values. I never find my size at a sale, but you could. You're lucky."

I nod. I *know* I'm lucky. I have two seersucker dresses and I like them. I've had them some time. They're easy to wash and I take them off the clothesline and put them on, unironed. Why should I spend a warm half hour at Hedges' trying on wash dresses when I have two already?

Friends come out to see me when I am settled in this primitive place where there is electricity for lighting and gas for cooking, but no refrigeration other than an "old-fashioned" ice box. They sniff the summer-heated air and are reminded of the blessings of air-conditioning, which is really not so expensive when you consider that your health demands it! By devious conversational shifts they bring up the fact that for fifteen dollars more than I am paying for this inconvenient place, Ruth has a little apartment in town that is a gem. They look for soap flakes on my kitchen shelf and having found none ask doubtfully, "Should we use this cake of soap for the dishes?"

They should. It is good soap, and cheap. There's more like it in the bathroom, if I didn't forget to put it back after I finished doing the laundry.

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One soap for every purpose

I was brought up on a one-soap-for-every-purpose program. The soap in that case was soft and brown and not exactly unscented. We dipped it from a barrel with a tin can, probably the one the oysters for the Christmas soup came in. The can had been opened by two crossed slashes of a hatchet but the cut ends of the tin were folded back and by being careful one could dip out a measure of the brown ooze without hurting his hand. In the course of the year we used a great deal of this cleanser, what with all the laundry and the baths and the shampoos and the household scrubbing that a large family made necessary, but when spring came we had a supply of wood ashes and waste grease ready for a new making of soap. I do not recall that while we were on this one-soap-for-every-purpose routine my mother ever complained of having the polish on her fingernails flake.

In addition to my conviction that my material surroundings are as rich as they should be, there is another angle to my manner of life. I am a poor planner. It doesn't come naturally to me to order anything until the supply on hand is exhausted. I manage a starkly simple domestic establishment with more grace than a complex one. In adjusting to this inherited handicap of lack of management I have learned not to mind if there is no cream for the breakfast cereal or if the paper napkins give out before I have opportunity to buy more. I can shift from tooth powder to tooth paste, or substitute soda and salt for either without brooding over what the more emphatic advertisements have said in regard to the merits of powder or paste, or without being upset by a flavor that might not be my first choice. All this makes it somewhat difficult for me to understand the person who manages better, forgets less often and is deeply disturbed by having forgotten what appears to me trivial.

I have little to recommend me as a cook and I am not a critical consumer of food as proven by the fact that I do my seasoning with salt and pepper. Since I don't enjoy cooking and have a decided tendency to look out for my own interests, there is an understanding that friends who come out to my cottage to see how the other half lives, shall do their part of the meal preparation. To enter my kitchen never fails to bring out an "Imagine,-no-horseradish!" expression on the countenances of certain of my friends who pride themselves on never letting adverse criticism get beyond the facial expression stage. More outspoken members of the sisterhood burst out with, "Well, with no spices and no flavoring here we might as well open a can of peaches! . . ."

I am fond of these whom I call my friends. I'm glad to see them come, and sorry when they leave. I manage to sustain this attitude by relaxing when they attempt to reform me. Because I have an unshaken faith in my ability to resist their efforts, the difference of opinion regarding my standard of living is no problem. The struggle of the opposing forces is amusing to me—as long as I remain relaxed—and the individual plays of various members of the team are interesting to watch.

My friends

Sarah, who is a gentle creature, would go out of her way to avoid stepping on a worm but she'd think nothing of reforming one until he was as completely out of shape as if a loaded truck had stepped on him twice. When she finds me doing dishes with a sugar sack, instead of a mop or one of those squares of mesh that has been conventionally measured and labeled, and a few years from now will be pronounced inadequate, she brings out her knitting needles and fifteen cents' worth of thread and spends an afternoon preparing to present me with a hand-wrought dish cloth I'll hardly have the heart to throw away when it gets sick looking, as I'd do with the sack.

Faith, opening the afore-mentioned can of peaches, says, "Whose ark did you get this can-opener out of? Next time I come up I'll bring you a new one."

"Don't," I plead. "I'm used to this one and by the time I learned to use yours there'd be half a dozen better and newer ones out. Dropping the old ones into the trash can and the new ones into the drawer would come to take up too much of my typewriter time."

"You're hopeless," she says, but she doesn't mean it. Not Faith. Next week she'll begin again, full of optimism and new plans.

If you are suspecting that my friends are a peculiarly persistent people let me explain that I am unmarried and undomestic, while most of my friends are either married or live alone and like it with some display of talent for domesticity. They take, therefore, either a matronly or a guardian's interest in improving my methods of householding, which they consider to be at an immature and correctable stage.

Why, I ask you, should I want to add to my few worldly posessions everything that I see in a shop window, hear about from my neighbor's radios, read of in the advertisements or listen to my buying friends recommend. "No, we didn't really feel we should buy it," they say, "but it has been such a joy. It's one of those things you have to try to realize what you've missed not having one. The salesman insisted upon leaving it on trial and now I wouldn't think of going back to the old type of cleaner."

Limited utensils

I have an enamel coffee pot that holds four cups and makes coffee that I like to drink. If I'm alone, I fill it half full; if there is company, I can fill it

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twice. My friends make coffee (that I like to drink) in percolators or by the drip method or in a glass jug that is full of fire and color and a delight to the eye. Their beverage is, I believe, no better than that which a not-too-absent-minded measurer and watcher can make in my coffee pot. Mine is like the one my grandmother used in her latter days. Unless it springs an unexpected leak, I shall be using it for some time, but many pounds of coffee could have been put through an old-fashioned grinder if the energy I have used shaking my head at my friends had been harnessed.

My great-great grandmother brought up a large family, lived to a ripe old age and died undivorced without ever having seen an electric, a gas, or even a kerosene, stove. In the early days of her marriage she cooked on the fireplace. Whether she was a better or a worse cook than I am I do not know, but her utensils, like my own, were limited. She had a big iron pot for the crane; a hoe-cake baker that is now in a museum, where its five-foot handle provokes question; a fireplace oven and a wooden bread tray. Maybe she had a few other home-fashioned odds and ends, but not enough to clutter up the big room that was living room, bedroom, nursery, kitchen, dinette, workshop and study, and on Saturday night was bath.

I'll admit that I'm an extreme example of resistance to sales pressure. I'll admit that it is well that everyone isn't like me. This sort of thing can be taken too far. Old Mrs. Trent, a friend of my grandmother's, took it too far, so I have always felt. She never forgave herself for a certain spool of thread and on her death bed she worried over a weakness that had showed up in her character in those trying days in the '60's when her home territory was being invaded by Northern soldiers. She had a family of growing children and she thought she needed that thread. The ten cents she paid for it was the only cash she spent during the war. Afterwards she regretted that she had given up too soon in making this purchase without pressing her natural resourcefulness to the limit. There'd have been a way out if she'd kept looking for it, she said. I am not sure but that she thought the victory might have belonged to the South had she fought a better fight.

On the other hand it seems to me that giving the label of "necessities" to many of the things the advertisers press upon us is also carrying an idea to the extreme. As a race aren't we becoming a little too dependent, not merely upon possessions, but upon those which are newest, most highly recommended, most loudly sponsored by pseudo-science, most expensively advertised and most recently exhibited by the to-be-kept-up-with Joneses?

I'm not trying to make you over, am I? If you think so, remember that such attacks are best met by the assumption of a relaxed attitude, and by a change of subject.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A HIGHLY interesting suggestion was recently offered by William Hillman, representative of *Collier's Weekly* in Europe, in a broadcast from London, to the effect that the absence up to this time of all large scale fighting on the western front in the European war may possibly find its explanation as an illustration, on a gigantic scale, of the principle of "sanctions"—that is, of the policy of overcoming and defeating Nazi Germany by armed force backing up the relentless pressure of economic, financial and diplomatic measures designed to paralyze gradually yet surely the entire German system. According to this theory, unless Hitler determines and carries out a policy of German military onslaught in the west against the Maginot line or through the neutral countries, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, the Franco-British armies will stand strictly on the defensive. Provided Germany's aerial and submarine activities can be held in check or even greatly reduced and if simultaneously the greater number of Europe's neutral countries can be led or influenced in a direction more and more away from cooperation with Germany, the whole war would maintain the present strange character of comparative immobility so far as positive fighting is concerned and settle down to a tug-of-war of endurance and will power and morale.

Well, it may be so; but many expert predictions have already been falsified by events in the first months of the war, and now all surmises, no matter how plausible, must be held suspect. Tomorrow's news may bury today's best judgment under the debris of a gigantic battle.

Mr. Hillman's particular contribution to the guessing about the war which is now the principal occupation for all European correspondents and commentators is of course not at all original, in the main, save for the strange revival of the word and the policy once so hopefully associated with the League of Nations. There may be a meeting of that pathetic phantom next month in Geneva. If the governments now at war which belong to the League, England and France, permit the meeting to be held, how fantastic will be the spectacle of the League council being presided over by a Soviet representative! Yet, according to its own rules, it is now Soviet Rusia's turn to occupy that office, and M. Maisky, the Soviet ambassador to England, so it is thought, will be selected in case the meeting is held.

In any case, if the war continues along the line of enforced sanctions, and becomes effective enough eventually to compel Germany's capitulation, such as issue might well be the prelude to the revival, on reformed lines, of a really practical League of European Nations. But suppose the war of sanctions drags on for years as a stalemate, at least Europe's peoples would not bleed away to wreckage, as physical war would cause them to do. Their economic systems would run to waste, and the standards of living, already so low in many lands, would sink lower and lower; nevertheless such a result would be far more hopeful for

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humanity's future than would any result reasonably predictable from the wreckage of physical war. And if such a result actually did come about, then again, so I suppose, would there be a revival of the League idea. I say, the League "idea," some sort of international forum or court or general assemblage. And that agency, whatever it may be called, however it may or may not resemble the League, must certainly be granted, in reality and not merely in theory, a real right to check or supervise the exercise of absolute power on the part of any one nation. If any fact can be said to have been demonstrated in the present situation in the world, surely it is the fact that absolute national authority is impossible and the effort to exercise it the worst of all political perils.

By our own national action in repealing the embargo on arms we have made it possible for the Allies to strengthen their forces either for the backing up of the comparatively bloodless war of sanctions, or for the clash of the armies themselves, should that clash come in spite of all efforts to avoid it. In so doing, as a nation we are taking remote yet effective part in the war. But certainly we would not have avoided so doing had we retained the embargo, for in that case we would have been aiding Germany to resist the sanctions, or the clash of arms. Our involvement in the war situation, then, is unescapable, under any possible circumstances. And equally certain is it that we must play a part, positively or passively, but profound in either case, in the making of the peace that must follow the war—a peace preparing the conditions for yet another war, or a peace promising its own perpetuation and the attaining of progressive conditions of justice and equity. Isolationism on our part is simply out of the question. And so, too, should be any thought of dictating to the rest of the world the precise form that other governments, or intergovernmental agencies, should take. The truth proclaimed in the Pope's encyclical letter that all men are members of one great human family is the basic reason why Americans cannot be isolationists. Our concern that the human family shall maintain whatever degree of freedom and willingness to strive for greater freedom has been attained through the centuries should be the basic reason for our participation in the family councils that must mould and determine the future political and economic systems of the world.

Communications

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: After having read your review of "Nurse Edith Cavell" I attended an exhibition of this film. Your reviewer seemed to commend the picture. However, I was amazed to discover that the film contained obvious and subtle propaganda against the Germans. I am not prepared to pass judgment upon the factual treatment of this "cause célèbre" but I do feel that your reviewer erred seriously when he did not warn his readers against the picture's dangerous propaganda.

The instances of insidious propaganda are many. Specifically, one suffers a chill of horror as he sees the German forces bursting through the map of Belgium. The cruel appearance of the German officers gives the impression that the majority of Germans are brutal. Our sympathies are aroused for the prisoners, victims of German aggression, suffering hardships in the woods with the resultant feeling of hate for their oppressors. It is obvious in the film that Edith Cavell's courtmartial was "fixed" and that she was unjustly sentenced to death. The fact that the extreme penalty was carried out in such haste; that the responsible German officer was enjoying an opera during Edith Cavell's last hours; and that the representative of the American Minister to Belgium was rebuffed, if not insulted, by this German officer—all cry for condemnation of the Germans. . . .

The silent version of "Nurse Edith Cavell" known as "Dawn" was banned in England for a short time in 1928, when British-German relations were more friendly. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith stated that "the efforts of every civilized nation are being directed toward peace and good will; it can serve no good purpose to revive the ugly memories of war." . . .

Mr. Herbert Cohen in the September 22 issue of the Brooklyn *Eagle* states, "It is inevitable that it (the film) draws venom in its audience." Mr. Cohen warns that the film is a dangerous one when he says, "The German military shooting of the English World War nurse—an event which shook the civilized world of 1915—is akin to dynamite today." The picture shows only German brutalities and injustices. Few people know that the French executed Marguerite Schmidt, a German woman, in March, 1915, for an offense similar to Edith Cavell's. Yet we hear nothing of this "barbarism."

My thought in commenting upon your critic's review of "Nurse Edith Cavell" is prompted by a desire not to have this country drawn into the curse of Europe—her eternal struggle to maintain the balance of power. It is propaganda such as this film which prepares our mind to accept a declaration of war on "humanitarian" grounds with our boys dying on unknown battlefields overseas and for unknown causes.

JOSEPH C. DRISCOLL.

NEUTRALITY AND PEACE

Las Cruces, N. M.

TO the Editors: One great trouble with our discussions of national and international affairs is that we usually suppose that there is but one, or at most a few, simple reasons for a nation's actions, and we pridefully assume that we can always correctly interpret a course of action. A Catholic should be the last to fall into this pit, for our spiritual writers warn us continually of our capacity for self deceit and our tendency to intellectual pride. Father Faber's chapter on self deceit, carefully pondered, could save us much folly. Therein lies the answer to the letter of Donald H. Dickinson, as published in THE COMMONWEAL of October 6.

The "conscientious objector" takes the position that he is right where the nation is wrong; that he understands a highly complex situation which the State Department does not—even though the government has a thousand sources of information to his one; or that he is honest where the officials are corrupt tools of international bankers, muni-

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tions manufacturers, etc. If conditions were as simple and clear to the bishops of the country as they apparently are to Mr. Dickinson, we should undoubtedly have very definite pronouncement on this war; but it would seem that members of our hierarchy fear to tread.

Mr. Dickinson asks: "What will you do with me, and with other young men who think as I do, if America enters the second world war, and Congress passes the Selective Service Act ordering us to enlist?" Well, from the experience of the last one, I have no doubt but that he will be placed under guard in a safe place, far removed from the dangers experienced by those who humbly and courageously fight for their country, as Catholics have regularly done hitherto. . . .

All that we ask is that Mr. Dickinson keep his pleasant isolation to himself and not advertise a holier than thou attitude toward those of us who consider that we have a duty towards a beneficent government that permits even the freedom to write such letters and have them published.

And lest it be thought that I write as one already beyond the draft age and protected by my calling to boot, may I add that I am a chaplain in the National Guard from choice, and should our nation be dragged into another war I pray that I may not show the white feather when my regiment goes to the front. REV. H. D. BUCHANAN.

APARTMENTS FOR THE POOR

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editors: Mr. Barry Byrne's very interesting article, "Apartments for the Poor" (September 29), points out that under the Wagner-Steigall Act rent subsidies have been provided for low-cost housing projects. The signing of the Wagner-Steigall Housing Law in 1937 brought into existence the United States Housing Authority, as a federal agency for undertaking slum clearance. The USHA, furthermore, replaced the defunct PWA under which many projects such as Knickerbocker Village, Williamsburg houses and Harlem houses were built. It may be said that PWA approached the business of housing primarily with the intent of creating jobs for the unemployed, whereas the USHA has attacked slum clearance as a sociological problem. . . .

Here are the less fortunate aspects of the situation: centralization of such a vast undertaking in a federal bureau is not conducive either to the greatest economy or the best architecture. Mr. Byrne would like to see a more inspired touch in design. Unfortunately by the time the design of an architect has been through the "bureaucratic mill," the spark, if ever there was one, has been pretty well extinguished.

With all its faults, the USHA has accomplished the feat of making the country realize what a shocking state of inadequate housing exists for the poorer classes, and drastic and effective steps have been taken in an attempt to correct the situation. One of the hopeful aspects of the housing problem at the present time is that here and there individuals are undertaking slum housing. The Lambert plan in Princeton and the rehabilitation work being carried on by Arthur W. Binns in Philadelphia are two examples.

JOSEPH SANFORD SHANLEY.

The Stage & Screen

Too Many Girls

"TOO MANY GIRLS" is a very fresh and pleasing musical. It has speed, high spirits, youth, and the youngsters who make up the cast are very pleasing persons who, in addition to this, are talented as well. They can sing, dance and act, and they do it with a spontaneity that is rare in professional Broadway. In addition "To Many Girls" is set to music by Richard Rodgers, who has written music as catchy and lively as any score that has come from his fertile invention, while Lorenz Hart has composed lyrics in the true Hart vein. One or two of these offend the canons of good taste, but of their cleverness there can be no doubt. George Marion's book is about four collegians, one from Harvard, one from Yale, one from Princeton and one from the Argentine. They are all athletes, but instead of playing on their football teams, they become a bodyguard for a Western heiress, and later football heroes at a college which does not exist. It is all very mad and very gay, and ought to run till the snow flies in the autumn of 1940 at least. And the proceedings are admirably helped on by the cast which includes Marcy Westcott, Diosa Costello, Leila Ernest, Mary Jane Walsh, Eddie Bracken, Richard Kollmar and Hal Le Roy. They are true Abbott products, young, vital and enjoying what they do and doing it well. *(At the Imperial Theatre.)*

Summer Night

THE PRODUCTION of such a play as "Summer Night" in the way it is produced makes for melancholy reflection. Not that the way it is produced is inadequate—far from it. But the very magnificence of its production and the excellence of its acting show up the more appallingly the futility of the piece itself. To think that a producer should ever have accepted it is the cause for wonder; that he should have poured out money into eight superb sets by Robert Edmond Jones and gathered a cast of such excellent actors whose salaries must have added up to a pretty sum is inexplicable. Perhaps it was accepted because one of its authors is Vicki Baum, who once had a hit in another play of many scenes named "Grand Hotel." But "Grand Hotel" had a moving story to tell, and real people were its protagonists; "Summer Night" has no story that anyone can get interested in, and its people are stencils, speaking unreal and undistinguishable words. The play has to do with two Marathon dancers and how after many vicissitudes they finally are made happy. The trouble is that the vicissitudes are unreal, and the two dancers utterly trivial in act and emotion. We none of us care what happens them. The play has a certain local color interest, but that is all. Susan Fox as the female dancer has beauty and temperament, Louis Calhern plays the unhappy husband with rare suavity and charm, Wesley Addy is excellent as the movie star, Boyd Crawford is appealing as Pat, Lionel Standing amusing as Jake and Violet Heming gives her charm and beauty to the part of an erring wife. But their

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efforts are all in vain. They are utterly unable to galvanize the happenings or the people into any semblance of reality. *(At the St. James Theatre.)* GRENVILLE VERNON.

A Man Must Stand Up

"THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX" becomes the public quarrels of two prides as Bess and Robert love and spit at each other in classical language. Deviations from history, like changing Elizabeth's age (she was really 63 in 1596), and telescoping incidents do not matter, for Michael Curtiz has directed an interesting, intelligent picture about a middle-aged, embittered queen and her youthful, headstrong lover. Errol Flynn's lack of vitality in delivering beautifully-written lines (based on Maxwell Anderson's play) is compensated for by his appearance. Bette Davis's vain, cruel Elizabeth, made-up like an ugly embryo, is the real thing. Against a background of lavish sets, in stunning Technicolor, and court intrigue, supplied by a well-directed supporting cast, Elizabeth resents the empty husk of solitary queenhood, parries with ambitious Essex who refuses to stand *behind* her throne. She realizes that her first love is for England! Essex must never be king. The dull scenes of the Irish campaign, inserted to give this wordy picture the movement it needs, are made up for by the magnificent finale in the tower.

Two films turn to eighteenth-century American history to show the hardships our forefathers suffered to gain liberty. In "Allegheny Uprising" Director William A. Seiter allows involved exposition and a pointless love story between Claire Trevor and John Wayne to slow up the action. But once the excitement starts, the picture speeds along. Quite rightly do the farmer-settlers of 1759 protest the selling of rum and guns to the Indians. James Smith (Wayne) and his Black Boys take the law into their own hands, stop Brian Donlevy's illegal sales, get martinet British Officer George Sanders sent back to England and restore order without too much mob violence but with lots of whoopee. In "Drums Along the Mohawk" John Ford has directed a more convincing picture with cinematic sweep. He was helped by a well-written script based on Walter D. Edmonds's carefully-documented novel, by a fine cast including Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, Edna May Oliver and Arthur Shields and by brilliant Technicolor that heightens beauty of scenery but almost runs away with the picture. Respect for our pioneers should be increased when we see these hardy Valley settlers worn out by clearing lands, caring for crops, perilously fighting Indians incited by the British during the Revolution.

The terrific force of "That They May Live" warps one's judgment of this French anti-war film. Abel Gance, directing his own scenario, sensationally mixes suffering, sentiment, madness, common sense, symbolism, trick camera shots and horror. Victor Francen, having promised during bloody scenes of 1918 that there will never be another war, accuses men of today of allowing us to drift in the next conflict by not understanding brotherly love. Pandemonium breaks loose when Francen calls and the disfigured dead return. Although muddled, the film leaves audiences shocked and limp. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Written from the Ridge

DEAR EDITORS: It is reasonable enough that societies within the Catholic Church or any other organized group should prepare lists of books and plays and motion pictures and indicate those which seem desirable or undesirable to the men and women in question.

Every individual has the inherent natural right to act as his own censor and stay away from things of which he disapproves. The same rule should hold when two or three are gathered together for common consultation.

But surely it is a power which ought to be used discreetly. And save in exceptional cases I think appeal should not be made to civil authorities to back up the judgment of a league or association, no matter how wise its judgment may be. There is ample force in saying, "We of this group feel that a play is harmful and we will make that decision known to all within the sound of our voice."

The danger lies in the fact that in a work of art the complete effect is more important than some single incident. No book of great social significance should be sacrificed because it may contain some admixture of cheap or lazy obscenity. Indeed I think that much useful work should be done entirely outside the field of what is decent or indecent. In order to set up any kind of intelligent guide to the reader there are scores of other questions which must be answered.

As the father of a fourteen-year-old girl who is screen struck (whatever became of the daughter who liked to cook and knit?) I am frankly more worried about the silliness of the films than I am about subjects which might be called "immoral." Of course I do think that the vain and the vapid and the sticky sentimental are actually immoral, but the word is not generally employed that way by those who are agitated about the motion pictures.

Of late radio has gone into shivers for fear lest anything "controversial" come over the air. Admitting that certain international situations do make ranters dangerous, I must say that my chief objection to radio is in regard to its immaturity rather than anything positive in its performances. However the dragons which chiefly afflict my mind when parental responsibilities creep in are a by-product and not an art. I refer to the motion picture magazines. This is not meant to be a blanket indictment. Some of them may be excellent. How can I tell? I never read any.

Again I assume that as far as outward order and decency go, all the various publications in this vast flood are above reproach. But right now I am getting down to the very things which I call vapid. I would not want my daughter to be regaled with the scandal of Hollywood, if indeed any still exists in that limelighted colony. Yet neither am I pleased or happy when I hear my daughter and her friends go on for hours discussing the inconsequential small detail of the home lives of their favorite screen stars. Can it really be important that this particular hero shaves twice a day or that the favorite heroine of the young ladies never takes more than one lump of sugar with her coffee? Nor does the question of impending marriage among the mimes seem to me one which should have such fascination.

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Of course, I would war against an ancient tradition if I said that there was no inherent glamor in the theatre. Even after many years of casual dramatic criticism, back stage seems to me a place of romance. But this doesn't go for the motion picture plants as far as I'm concerned. Most unwillingly I was led in chains through some of the Hollywood studios once and I would be far more interested in watching the assembling of automobiles along a belt-line.

Now it may be said that I am doing no more than express a prejudice and stating a taste. I think it goes deeper than that. Indeed if I can gather some other fathers to lend me moral support I would like to pass a rule in regard to my daughter's activities. She probably goes to see pictures too often, but as an old compromiser I would let that go if only I could wring from her a concession which would seem to me far more important.

My proposition would be, Pat, you can go to the movies just as much as you go now if only you will promise me to keep those blamed leaflets about Hollywood home life out of my sight and out of your mind. What difference does it make which one plays golf and which plays tennis? Even the salutary example of Miss Rumplesnitz who retreats from the lot to curl up with a good book leaves me cold and chill. Watch the motion picture stars cavort while you are in the cinema temple. Laugh at them. Cry if it gives you any pleasure. But never, oh never, carry these one dimensional wraiths around with you as the chums and idols of your imagination.

In a serious-minded world the utterly trivial can be about as much a detriment to the young idea as notions which are monstrous. In fact it is monstrous that growing girls should be concerned with the actress who cooks pancakes in her spare moments or the male star who is so modest that he blushes whenever he reads a fan letter. Not for the world would I interfere with the necessary revenues of the United States Government, but next to autograph collecting I hold that the writing of fan letters is one of the most ignoble pursuits of man. Naturally it was not my intention to include communications to columnists in this list. Judging from the experiences of one man alone, such missives are hardly to be classed as adulatory.

Probably it is essential that young people should be hero worshippers, but let them put their trust in such people of the world as have actually achieved something of more than passing moment. And to that end I humbly urge all associations and Legions of Decency to point with pride just as much as they view with alarm. Maybe the little people of the earth would not strut so far beyond their honest worth but for the fact that they get all the publicity.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

Books of the Week

Music Makers

Men of Music, by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.75.

WITTY AND STIMULATING are these short biographies of the extraordinary personalities that have written the world's great music. This informal history spans the development from Palestrina to Stravinsky. To a rapidly increasing audience for great music it will supply a handy book of compact information. Starting with a biographical approach, Brockway and Weinstock have woven into narratives, which give the main outlines of the lives of the great composers, considerable musical criticism without seriously checking the flow of the short biographies.

As the authors survey the past, it is pleasant to observe that all the great masters did not suffer want and neglect. For if the great Bach is characterized as often irascible, he always had a job with a living wage, and Gluck and Handel were financially, as well as artistically, successful. Without underscoring the fact, the authors indicate that Vienna with its reputation as the musical capital often lacked the discrimination and enthusiasm and support of Prague in welcoming a new genius. It is quite novel to find the unmusical English wildly welcoming several foreign geniuses ignored by musical Central Europe—even blocking London traffic to listen to an orchestral rehearsal. The candid recording of the lives is a parti-colored chronicle, full of all the theatricality of opera, and embracing history, high society and scandalous anecdote, for the world has not enjoyed genius in its midst with immunity.

In the musical comment there is startling opinion that makes it piquantly readable. Almost as novel is the discovery that Toscanini's "personal symphony"—the first of Beethoven, that in its début shocked and puzzled Vienna—is just "hearable." Only the titan scores really count in their standards. The authors stand stoutly for Mozart as man and musician of profound integrity. But they are not impressed with Schumann and Brahms, while lending pleased ears to Mendelssohn. (Frankly, they do not appreciate the scope of Brahms's D minor piano concerto.) On the romantics, Chopin and Liszt, they contribute robust chapters, and proclaim Tschaikowsky the greatest symphonist after Beethoven. If an exaggeratedly high opinion of Tschaikowsky, it is a corrective of the equally low view in which he has been recently held. They seem only annoyed at Franck's popularity, dismiss Goldmark curtly and leave the Brucknerites and Mahlerites to find consolation in an occasional reference.

Of the more recent composers, Debussy, Strauss, Sibelius and Stravinsky, the authors write briefly informing lives that are models of discernment and perspective, stressing original contributions and relating the work with the past. There is understanding of Sibelius that is acutely revealing. On the whole the persuasiveness of their fresh estimates is generally sound, their colloquial style entertaining (they refuse to be dully solemn before genius), for "Men of Music" is written from a wide knowledge of music, coupled with extensive research, which make it vital and exciting biography.

EDWIN CLARK.

BIOGRAPHY

Twinkle Little Star, by James T. Powers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

IT SEEMS incredible that the lively gentleman who often walks the whole distance from his home in Seventy-third Street to his club in Gramercy Park could have made his début on the New York stage in 1878, could have been chief comedian in the Drury Lane pantomime in the early eighties, and during the later eighties, the nineties, and the first two decades of the nineteen hundreds one of the brightest stars in America's theatrical firmament. But this is the story of Jimmie Powers. Eternal youth has been Jimmie's portion on this earth, for he is as youthful today as when, a stage-struck boy, he fell through

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the skylight onto the stage of a variety theatre in old Greenwich Village. For Jimmie is a Greenwich Villager of the days when the Village was Irish and honest in its entertainment. And Jimmie has always remained Irish and honest, even if he was once the rage of London and liked the English.

James T. Powers therefore has a story to tell, and he has told it well in "Twinkle Little Star," a book rich in anecdote, in humor and in human interest. In it he proves he can write as well as act, for his autobiography, unlike that of some other stars, was not the product of any ghost. Jimmie's stamp is on it from his delightful account of his Twelfth Street childhood, and his circus days, through his London appearances, his New York triumphs under Daly and Frohman, his appearance as Bob Acres in the all-star production of "The Rivals," down to his Hermit with George M. Cohan three years ago in the Players' revival of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." His book brings back the color of theatre days long past, and all those who want to know what theatre life was in their father's days, and their grandfather's, will want to read "Twinkle Little Star." In his vignette of "Peter Poverty" Mr. Powers has given us an imaginative fantasy which shows that the spirit of the macabre can sometimes inhabit the soul of a comedian.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

FICTION

Blossom Like the Rose, by Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

SO OFTEN the historical romance chooses for its protagonists the great of history that it is interesting to see the past from the point of view of the more obscure figure. It is refreshing, too, to catch a great enterprise like the settling of our country in its beginnings in the social and personal predicaments of the land which the adventurers left. For though in the large the motives of emigration may be defined under certain classical heads, a desire to better one's estate, the hope of building a world more to one's liking, the passion for freedom, ranging from the adventurer's to the idealist's, still for individual men, the mass motives are shaded by personal circumstance and character.

This is very well demonstrated by the company from seventeenth-century Scotland which Nathaniel Gore gathered for his New World venture. Religious enthusiasm and a strong man's awareness that he was capable of better things than the restricted life of a farm laborer played almost equal parts in the motivation of Eli Makers. In Philip Ollenshaw the passion of a neglected and crippled boy to make good as a man in a more ample world drove on a generous and sympathetic nature to embark with a company in which otherwise he would hardly have seemed to belong. There is nothing conventional in the unfolding of these people and their problems, however representative one feels them to be. Even the least sympathetic of the fanatics is human and individual.

That is due in no small measure to the fact that the author has chosen to tell the story from the point of view of Philip Ollenshaw, sensitive, intelligent, spacious in his sympathies. It is not often that such material is presented from such a point of view. For this story abundantly exploits the grim possibilities of the time. It opens with a hanging, the hanging of the large-minded blacksmith who had saved the rejected gentleman's son from bitterness and futility, it finds two of its crises in plague and it ends in an episode of double torture, torture at the hands of the Indians and of the woman whom Philip had so faithfully and so hopelessly loved. But Philip recovers from the one and is freed from the other by his own realization that even as he had been carrying on hopelessly in the service of a woman who was, however pitifully, unworthy of his steadfast purpose, he had been building a new world in which a scope of activity he had never thought possible and a happiness he had given up were already his.

It is really the story of a man's finding himself through self-contempt, helplessness, futility, torture and constant and generous endeavor. But it is more than that. The religious fanatics who played so large a part in the settlement of our land have come in of late for a good deal of mockery and contempt but hardly understanding. Much of the debunking of American legend has been singularly humorless, even priggish. In the handling of this theme in this book there is real humor and insight. Likewise in the picture of the struggle of the pioneers with the elements and the savages and themselves there is more than the gusto for life, red and raw, that informs so many books of this type. There is the warm light of that quality which the literary champions of the common man too often lack, and that is pity.

HELEN C. WHITE.

Live and Kicking Ned, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A LITTLE over a year ago Mr. Masefield wrote a stirring melodramatic yarn about a young doctor named Edward Mansell who was accused of murdering an old admiral who proposed to make him his heir, and, after being hanged at Tyburn, was brought to life by a group of doctors and smuggled away on a slaving-ship. We now get the sequel, or rather the two sequels, for this volume really contains two separate stories. I am inclined to think that it would have been better to have published them separately. But probably the publishers decided that on the whole it was preferable to get rid of the matter at once.

The fact is that this is a rambling, unconvincing and unsatisfactory book which disappoints the expectations aroused by "Dead Ned" and whose main excuse is that some sort of a sequel had to be written. There are of course brilliant and powerful descriptive and narrative passages, for Masefield even at his worst is a born writer. But one has an uneasy sense that in some pages the ghost of Rider Haggard took charge of affairs and (still worse!) that in others the pervasive spirit of the creator of Tarzan obtrudes. As melodrama the thing misses fire; as a yarn it is altogether too discursive. Yet it does in many ways evoke the eighteenth-century atmosphere, especially its seafaring and prison life.

Ned, supposed to be dead, but very much alive, serves as a doctor on an African slaver until the mistake is made of trying to take captives from a very warlike tribe, whereupon the whole ship's company, with the exception of the doctor, are massacred. Then Ned falls in with a group of white men who have lived in Africa since the seventeenth century and helps them repel an attack by natives, after this going back to London, not in his own character but to negotiate a trade treaty between his new friends and England. There he supposes he is in danger of being caught and hanged for the crime he never committed until he finds that the actual criminals have just confessed. He seems to be naïvely astonished when he learns of their identity, though surely not one of Mr. Masefield's readers will be. So all ends happily. Dr. Mansell has even brought

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back a bride from Africa, his love story being recorded more perfunctorily than any such story, I imagine, in the whole of literature. It serves merely to keep the rules of the game. The interest of the author was obviously confined to the sea and the jungle and the horrors of Newgate. For these the book is worth reading; there is no other reason that I can think of. JOHN KENNETH MERTON.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Three Years Down, by Jonathan Norton Leonard. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.75.

LOOSELY a financial-political history of America from the close of the World War to 1933, essentially a record of "the financial super-government which . . . caused the depression by its dishonesty and recklessness," this book projects the incredible hop, skip, jump and smash of events from '29 to '33 with the nimbleness of three rings under the big tent.

With Herbert Hoover, who is flattened down to something like the sound of his radio voice, and Charles E. Mitchell, who " 'resigned,' " post-Pecora, "with all the dignity of a rat resigning from an alley of terriers," there are something like two hundred individuals put under a spotlight that is sometimes so unflattering as to make you wonder (in spite of all the just contempt you may have for government-by-tycoons) if the author isn't just a little over-emphatic in his notion that approximately all the Republicans and most of the Democrats are either monkeys or magpies or both. This merely questions the author's emphasis; it does not in ever so slight a degree oppose his whitewashing-in-reverse, which had to be America's preparation for the first step out of the paradox of want in plenty.

In far the greater part Mr. Leonard gets along with a cynicism that is as consistent and as healthy as normal blood temperature. And it is hardly too much to say that the book is a fine moral contribution.

Mr. Leonard's bringing up the Reconstruction Finance Corporation right vividly opposite your own observation of the Work Projects Administration helps you clip a sharper distinction between the new tendency toward government for the people and the old order of government for *the* people.

Besides all that, the book is a sightseeing tour from the enigmatic façades of Wall Street to the candid tin-can fronts of "Hooverville"; and it lets you out in 1933 with a cynical paragraph urging you to remember.

The book should go especially to young men who are about to put down the pigskin in the college stadium with some sort of idea of taking up the whole pig in the nation-wide arena.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY.

PHILOSOPHY

Christianity and Philosophy, by Etienne Gilson. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

IN HIS BOOK, "The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy," M. Gilson undertook to establish the existence of "Christian Philosophy" as an historically knowable fact. The phenomenon in question is to be termed philosophy because its verification was made to rest ultimately upon the principles of natural reason. At the same time it must not fail to be called Christian, for, though it held itself to be formally distinct from the truths of Divine Revelation, it was constantly looking to the latter to lead it into new and unsuspected areas of naturally knowable truth.

In the present work the author goes beyond the fact of Christian philosophy. His purpose here is rather to discover whether the concept itself of Christian philosophy can be justified in the eyes of authentic Catholic theology. The problem is whether the Catholic Faith taken in its essence and entire spirit will recognize the theoretical possibility of a science which is at once philosophical and distinctively Christian in character. M. Gilson finds the answer to this large question in the traditional Catholic teaching on nature and grace. Maintaining, as it does, the essential integrity of human nature even after man's fall from grace, authentic Catholicism must perforce recognize in human reason a natural and abiding aptitude for truth. Maintaining on the other hand, that the powers which spring from human nature were seriously weakened by man's fall from grace, Catholicism may never underestimate the defectibility of reason. Thus, at the same time that it vouches for the abilities of reason, Catholicism may be expected to emphasize the advantages which reason derives, even in its pursuit of naturally knowable truths, through placing itself, wherever possible, under the infallible tutelage of divine revelation. Such submission is possible in the case of philosophy—particularly in that branch of philosophy known as natural theology—for revelation in countless instances supplies definitive information on matters which, though in themselves accessible to philosophical inquiry, might easily escape the attention of philosophy were it to proceed solely upon its own initiative.

Most assuredly, then, would the Catholic Faith, adequately conceived, admit the possibility of a genuinely Christian philosophy. Nay more, it would advocate (as it has actually done in certain papal encyclicals) the assiduous cultivation of such a philosophy, for it believes that a science of divine things—even a natural science of divine things—should use every means to arrive at perfection.

The book—including the sermon by Father Phelan which serves as its introduction—is magnificently done, and merits the most careful study. DAVID DALRYMPLE.

The Philosophy of Communism, by Charles J. McFadden. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.50.

FOR 172 pages Father McFadden allows the basic writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin to tell in concise and authentic form the story of communism considered as a philosophy of nature, mind, history, the state, religion, morality, revolution and society. That these 172 pages should have been written exactly as they have been written is the best proof of the author's high standards of scholarship. Not the slightest effort is made in this section of his book to detract from the genuine strength of communism. Nowhere in evidence are rhetorical devices such as are sometimes used to show how scornfully any "detached" reader must view the claims of communists—devices which make a reader wonder why such a contemptible doctrine should be thought by its critic fit for serious discussion.

The scholarly fairness shown by Father McFadden in the presentation of the communistic doctrine makes all the more convincing his vigorous criticism of each of its principles. This criticism occupies half of the book. The author's technique is admirable. He not only shows the untruths and insufficiencies of communism, but in a positive and constructive spirit he presents Catholic doctrine on each aspect of the subject in respect of which he previously reported the communistic teaching.

This book completely demonstrates that communism is far more than a movement reflecting unsatisfactory eco-

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nomic conditions. Communism is seen to be the philosophy of naturalism anxious to annihilate every traditional idea, institution or value which presupposes a Creator, a moral law of Divine Origin and the reality of personal immortality. Not by accident is communism atheistic. Its atheism is indispensable if communism is to endure. Nor is it by accident that communism is immoral in its professed moral code. Such immoralism is also indispensable to its existence. The consistent exponents of communism are prepared to lie, steal or murder, always provided such forms of action are conducive to the attainment of communistic objectives: the downfall of existing society, the temporary dictatorship of the proletariat and the ultimate appearance of the classless society.

This book is a pleasure to read. Its style and content are of equal excellence. There are a few places in the second part of the work where the criticism of communistic teachings is founded on an analysis of problems which seemed to this reviewer to be less penetrating than it might have been. This is a trifling fault, however, when the merits of the book as a whole are considered.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

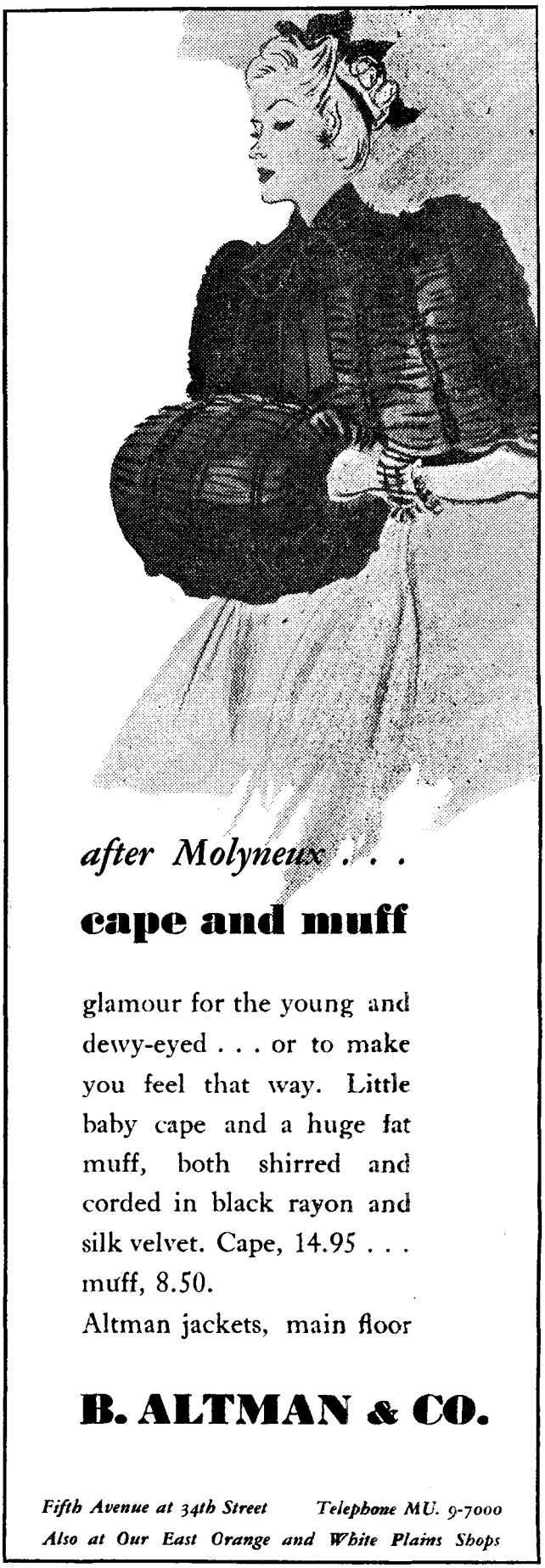
Catholics and Unbelievers in Eighteenth Century France, by R. R. Palmer. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $4.00.

AN INCREASINGLY comprehensive grasp of the social and intellectual environment of the leaders of French liberal thought in the eighteenth century has hitherto been deficient in its omission of the Catholic opposition. With a constant regard for the intellectual antecedents of these believers, Professor Palmer has shown that their significance was more than negative and his excellently documented volume is a genuine contribution to modern intellectual history.

Certain gratuitous assumptions with regard to the period, such as the belief that the *philosophes* were truly tolerant and Catholics always the reverse, and the failure to distinguish between the various meanings of such words as "nature" and "reason," have been to the disadvantage of the religious apologists. The Church did not so much oppose reason and science as it tried to discipline their excesses in dealing with the supernatural, where they were quite inadequate to attain complete truth yet in which the Church claimed authority and insisted upon respect. Prior to 1751 the Catholic writers, especially those in the Jesuit *Journal de Trevoux,* were relatively liberal, for it was not until that time that church authority in its own special sphere was violently attacked.

The Catholics' acceptance of nature as a standard of right and justice and of the natural goodness of man was due not to the influence of the liberals but rather to their own conclusions, which were enunciated clearly by the Jesuits in their dispute with the Jansenists, but were not just for that reason innovations in Catholic thought. Nature to the unbelievers of the sensationalist school, a rapidly growing group in France in the 1730's and 1740's, was nothing more than the result of their observation—or in many instances of the observation of others—of concrete phenomena; to the Catholics nature was above all a rational standard of right in the universe.

It was not the natural goodness of man that the orthodox questioned but rather the basis of that goodness; to them it was rational not emotional, even though Abbé Hooke, infamous on more than one score, went practically the full distance with Rousseau.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Faced with the attack on revelation from the historical point of view, the believers divided into two groups: those who sought to support the doctrines of the Church on the *philosophes'* own ground—history—and those who, skeptical of the validity of historical research, fell back more than ever on tradition, making of it a much greater support of the Catholic Church than scripture.

The student of religion proper will find Professor Palmer's work fully as interesting as will any historian or philosopher, but there is doubt he will agree with the classification of Rousseau as a Protestant. Granting the religious nature of Rousseau does not reduce the importance of his demand that religion be made immediately intelligible, which was after all probably the demand of many unbelievers, for it is by no means conclusively proved that they all desired first and foremost the destruction of religion. With regard to Montesquieu's classification of governments, the author points out that in this connection his idea of nature was "normative" rather than empirical; "subjective" would be a better word, and it was not only in this connection that his idea of nature was subjective. It may actually be the method of some historians but hardly the method of science and history to judge those phenomena right which are in harmony with a general system of conditions into which you can fit them. A. PAUL LEVACK.

Lessons in Liberty—A Study of God in Government, by Clarence Manion. Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press. $1.50.

THIS BOOK is well adapted for use in schools and particularly in our Catholic schools, for it brings out clearly the fundamental basis of our system of government. That basis is religion—belief in God and in the sacredness and dignity of the human *person*. From those two things springs the tree of human liberty, and the concept of human rights. No doctrine of human rights can be founded logically on any but a religious basis. That is the great truth expressed by the President in his message to Congress last January when he said that religion is the source of democracy. Professor Manion begins his study with God and His creative purpose, and develops it step by step in simple language, eschewing all technicalities and illustrating it as he goes along by concrete examples. The result is a clear outline picture of the whole structure; in form, perhaps, a primer, but a primer that sets in clear relief its essential nature. As such it is clearly intended for the younger student, rather than for the university, but as a matter of fact—if one may trust appearances—it would probably do much good to many college men, also, in bringing them back to elementals. For those elementals are today under attack at the hands of an educational group, of which the John Dewey Society is directly representative, an attack, moreover, on the whole line from the existence of God down to the sinking of human personality in a totalitarian society disguised in "democratic" forms, and the teachings of this school have deeply infiltrated our educational institutions under secular control, whether public or private, not merely of university grade but even high schools.

The result is that there has grown up in the country a concept of "democracy" which, as Dr. Manion points out (p. 78), is destructive of those personal (i.e., minority) rights protection of which is the first purpose of government. This concept conceives "majority rule" as the essence of "democracy" instead of a means to the end, which end is personal liberty. And it is that concept which constitutes the gravest and most immediate danger to our governmental structure. This reviewer would like to see Dr. Manion's book in our high schools and perhaps in the upper grades of our grammar schools.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Christianity and Morals, by Edward Westermarck. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

DR. WESTERMARCK defends the theory that our concepts of right and wrong arise fundamentally from emotions of approval or disapproval, not from any objective norm of morality. This view he expounded at length in a previous work, "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas." In his latest work he applies this theory to Christianity, claiming to find it confirmed in a survey of the moral teachings of Christ and of the Christian churches. After discussing in general the ethical tenets of our Saviour and of the early writers, especially Saint Paul, he devotes himself to certain particular topics in relation to Christian standards of morality, such as asceticism, regard for human life, economics, slavery, marriage, divorce and sex. While Dr. Westermarck includes in his scope the teachings of the Protestant churches, especially the Lutheran, he is mainly concerned with the moral principles of Catholicism.

Dr. Westermarck demonstrates in this work that if a writer has a vast array of historical data on which to draw he can prove almost anything by choosing only what serves his purpose, by interpreting facts and statements arbitrarily and, when necessary, by making brazen and unsubstantiated assertions. Thus, he graphically portrays certain extravagances of asceticism found occasionally in the early Church, but makes no mention of the widespread moral benefits of monasticism and of the Franciscan movement. He represents clerical concubinage as universal in pre-Reformation times, quoting the professedly anti-Catholic Lea and disregarding the opinion of such scholars as Lucas (a non-Catholic), who says of those times: "It is a difficult question to ascertain the universality of concubinage in the priesthood . . . for there was a vast body of pure and devoted priests who sacrificed their lives in the service of the Church" ("The Renaissance and the Reformation"). His data on the Inquisition are drawn mainly from the writings of the ex-priest Llorente, while the recent authoritative work of Guiraud is passed over in silence. He bases his interpretation of the patristic doctrine of redemption on Harnack without any consideration for the studies of J. Rivière and Funke on the subject. He states that in 809 the Council of Constantinople declared that divine laws can do nothing against kings, and the impression is given that this was an ecumenical, or at least legitimate, Council, whereas in reality it was an assembly of bishops entirely subordinate to the Emperor and summoned by him without any authorization from the Pope.

Many of Dr. Westermarck's statements depend on antiquated and discredited sources. He makes comparatively few references to works published during the past twenty years. Thus with naïve disregard for the canonical legislation of 1918 he states that there has been no change since 1215 in the degree of consanguinity constituting a marital impediment, and cites in confirmation of this item a work published 51 years ago! As would be expected, he repeats the hoary charge that there is a radical difference between the moral teachings of Christ and those of Saint Paul, and quite naturally he affirms—without even the pretence of a proof—that "by a fiction the Papacy, as a divine institution, was traced back to the age of the apostles."

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And so this work takes its place in the vast collection of pseudo-scientific works designed to discredit the Catholic Church. It is indeed a pity, for the theme chosen by Dr. Westermarck affords a rare opportunity for a scholarly production, and Catholics would welcome a history of the development of ethical doctrines in Christianity, whether written by a non-Catholic or by a Catholic, if it would maintain the canons of truth and fairness. It is a tragedy that Dr. Westermarck's book will probably be regarded by many as a scientific study and will serve for years as an obstacle to scholarship. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.SS.R.

SCIENCE

Science Today and Tomorrow, by Waldemar Kaempffert. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THIS VOLUME includes a series of essays on various aspects of modern science and technology and, as the title implies, give a number of prophetic pre-views of the future. It is up to Dr. Kaempffert's usual high standard in interpreting scientific puzzles for the layman, but its outlook is severely mechanistic, though tinged here and there by longing for some more adequate point of view.

The chapter headed "Can the Laboratory Create Life?" reaches the interesting conclusion that, even if we assume that life will be synthesized eventually (which is certainly a possibility), nothing higher than the simplest unicellular organisms need be expected. The physico-chemical viewpoint of this chapter is in strong contrast to that of the chapter on Carrell which, of necessity, reflects the more up to date view that life must be studied in living things and not in dead organs or organisms.

The bulk of the book is good reading, but the last chapter surpasses the others in value. It is there that the author shows the results of his long interest in the social aspects of science. It is brief but full of thought-provoking suggestions. It shows that the absolute states are the greatest foes of science since, even though they depend upon new discoveries and new technologies, they prohibit freedom in research. It ends by proclaiming that the nearest approach to an international brotherhood extant in the world today is the brotherhood of scientists. This, save for the Church herself, is certainly true. For it does not matter to the scientist whether a man be Jew or Gentile, Nordic or Negro, if his work is good.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

RELIGION

The Sacrifice, by Paul Bussard. Saint Paul: The Leaflet Missal. $1.00.

THIS LITTLE BOOK is a refreshing explanation of the Holy Eucharist as a "Community Thing." The division into "Mass of the Catechumens" and "Mass of the Faithful" is also the division followed in the writing of this book, and between the two, at the center of the volume, is a graphic chart of the action of Mass. He who runs may read. "We speak to God; God speaks to us"—this describes the action from Collect through Creed; "We give to God with Christ; God gives to us"—this describes the action from Offertory to Last Gospel. The author, while furnishing historical and social reasons for the various actions of the Mass, reminds us over and over that "our share in the Sacrifice does not mean just saying words but rather living. What these words imply is that assistance at Mass is a lifelong task, that it is the inclusion of all our actions within the Sacrifice of Christ re-made present."

RICHARD FLOWER, O.S.B.

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The personal column by Heywood Broun makes THE COMMONWEAL an even more attractive gift this Christmas.

The Inner Forum

THE CONSECRATION of two Negro bishops among the twelve of different races and nations whom Pope Pius consecrated in St. Peter's on the Feast of Christ the King has aroused interest and revealed ignorance. Papers erroneously referred to the new Bishops Pamarosandratana of Madagascar and Kiwauka of Uganda as the first Catholic bishops of the Negro race. In the *Catholic World* this is corrected:

> As a matter of fact, over four hundred years ago native Africans had been consecrated bishops. Coming closer to home, the first Catholic bishop in territory now part of the United States was a Negro—Francisco Xavier de Luna Victoria y Castro took possession of the See of Panama, August 15, 1751. And right here in our own United States the hierarchy once numbered a Negro bishop, in the American acceptation of that term—James Augustine Healy, consecrated Bishop of Portland [Me.], June 2, 1875.

Outside of the Mediterranean, Egyptian and Ethiopian regions, the first native African bishop was the son of the King of the Congo, appointed through the missionary activity of Portugal and the efforts of his father.

> The appointment was made on May 3rd of that year [1518]. Five days later Pope Leo [X, of the Medici family] wrote Henry a personal letter in which he addressed him as "My dearly beloved son, the elected bishop of Utica." Soon thereafter Henry was consecrated Titular Bishop of Utica and thus became the first Bantu bishop in the world.

New stimulation to interracial work has been given by the Pope's condemnation of racism and assertion of the unity of mankind in his recent encyclical, and by these recent consecrations. It has been reflected in speeches at the National Catechetical Congress, where it was pointed out that in the United States there are 13,000,000 Americans considered Negroes and over one-half of these have no church affiliation. Only 300,000 are Catholics. The first work must be directed to the Whites, it was pointed out. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine was challenged to inculcate among all White Catholics the teaching that natural rights must be extended to the Negroes, and that they must themselves discard their false and "pernicious assumptions" about Negroes.

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